

her first husband walked out on her  
the second one beat her.  
I told her my second one beat me too  
tried to kill me with his bare hands  
and my third mother-in-law  
looked me straight in the eye  
for the first and last time  
and told the bartender to bring two more  
and not so much juice this time.

#### GO-GO GIRL REUNION

Those who don't show up at reunions  
either have something to hide  
or think they're too good. So since  
go-go girls once let it all hang out  
of bikinis and can neither claim  
that vice nor the virtue, we all  
showed up at the Playgirl Club  
where 10 years before we'd slung  
beer and shook our tail feathers  
till 2 a.m. Jenny, the most  
beautiful and best dancer was there  
wearing shantung and Joy parfum  
the only one of us to marry a  
millionaire (the boss) although we  
all tried. Roxie showed up, now  
thinner and a reborn Christian;  
Sunni, too, in spite of warrants  
out for her arrest. Judy was still  
a barmaid, but now lived with a  
younger, better-looking, better-  
shooting pool hustler; Carol Lee  
just got a new Z, a nose job, a  
boob job and an abortion too, all  
paid for by one of her old sugar  
daddies who wasn't the daddy. And  
Dinah, wearing thick glasses, her  
eyes having gone bad from taking  
too much LSD, had gone straight,  
and now drank nothing but Southern  
Comfort on the rocks. Betty had  
given up macrame and now taught  
aerobics; Jimi got her real estate  
license and a perm; Sharon got her  
Ph.D. in psychology but said she'd  
seen more weirdos when she worked  
at the Playgirl than she ever had  
in a psycho ward. The new Playgirl  
owner, Dick Dale, had the band play  
"Night Train" and all the old go-go  
girls drunk enough got up on the stage,



raised their skirts over their knees and wiggled around. Dick Dale took Polaroids and said over the microphone to the audience and to us that we weren't getting older we were only getting better and over the whistles and applause I heard one of his 20-ish waitresses laugh and say to a cohort "Yeah, sure," knowing that she would never show up to any reunion of any kind. Wizenened with young, she thought she knew how to hold back sunsets with her tongue.

#### HOW YOU TASTE THE APPLES

The winner of Yolo County Fair's 1984 First Prize for Apple Pies showed me how to keep my pie flute golden while it baked by simply making an aluminum foil collar for the pie pan like you might for the Tin Man's whiplashed neck. While she showed me how to weave a lattice top for my cherry pie she told me her apple pie won because of the Gravensteins -- those large, yellow, red-striped apples she drove forty miles to Sebastopol to buy that only are ripe two weeks in July, the same time her husband's parents came from Pittsburgh to discuss her bad marriage getting worse. While her husband and his parents drank Wild Turkey in the living room in her kitchen she rolled the pie crust dough made of lard and butter for a nutty flavor and then she arranged inside the Gravenstein slices apple halfmoons-halfmoons a perfect swirl ad infinitum so that when they baked down in their juice the top crust would not go hard and fill with stale air. Many highballs later after her husband told his side of the story his parents came to the decision that their son's obligations to his baby and wife should not interfere with his personal happiness or life. The last place her husband took her